

H E A L T H,

A

P O E M.

S, H E W I N G

How to PROCURE, PRESERVE,
and RESTORE IT

To which is annexed,

The Doctor's Decade.

By EDWARD BAYNARD, M. D.

The SEVENTH EDITION.



Printed in the Year, M, D C C, L X.

1760.

H. E. A. I. T. II.

P. O. E. M.

THE WINE

How to Brew, Press, and Bottle
the Wine of the Vineyard

To be read in the Vineyard

The Doctor's Decade

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THE P R E F A C E.

IT was an usual saying of the great Lord
Verulam, That not one man of a thousand
died a *natural* death; and that most diseases
had their *rise* and *origin* from intemperance.
Therefore,

*Unerring Nature learn to follow close,
For quantum sufficit is her just dose.
Sufficient clogs no wheels, and tires no horse;
Yet briskly drives the blood around the course,
And hourly adds unto its wastes, supplies,
In due proportion to what's spent, and dies:
Whilst surfeiting corrupts the purple gore,
And bankrupts Nature of her long-liv'd store.
And thus the soul is from the body tore
Before its time :——*

*Which, by a temperate life, in a clean cell,
Might a full hundred years with comfort dwell,
And drop, when ripe, as nuts do slip the shell.*

*Trust not to constitution ; 'twill decay,
And twisted strength, its fibres wear away.
As close wove garments of a strong-spun thread,
The woof frets out; and tears away the web:
So soul and body, tho' ne'er so well conjoin'd,
The longer that they wear, the more they grind ;
Then the crack'd organ must impair the mind.
All finite things tend to their own undoing ;
But man alone's industrious to his ruin ;
For what with riot, delicates, and wine,
Turns pioneer, himself to undermine.
Besides the hidden snares laid in our way,
The sudden deaths we hear of every day,
The smoothest paths have unseen ambuscades,
And insecurity, security invades.
For no man knows what's the next hour's event :
Man lives as he does die, by accident.
How soft is flesh, how brittle is a bone !
Time eats up steel and monuments of stone ;
And from his teeth art thou exempt alone ?
What warrant hast thou that thy body's proof
Against the anguish of an aching tooth ?
How soon's a fever rous'd by acute pains ?
The smallest ails have all their partizans ;
And in intestine wars they may divide,
And life's deserters list on the wrong side.
Diseases, like true blood-hounds, seize their dam,
And prey upon the carcass whence they sprang.
Be always on thy guard, watchful and wise,
Lest death should take thee napping by surprise.*

Drunkenness and gluttony steal men off
 silently and *singulatim*; whereas *sword* and
pestilence do it by the *lump*: but then death
 makes a *halt*, and comes to a cessation of
arms; but the other knows no *stop* nor *inter-*
mission, but perpetually jogs on, and depopu-
 lates insensibly, and by degrees. And though
 this is every day experienced, yet men are so
 inflaved by custom and a long *habit*, that no
 admonition will avail. So true is that saying,
 'That he that goes to the tavern at first for
 the love of the *company*, will at last go thither
 for the love of *liquor*. And therefore it was
 excellent advice our ingenious author gave his
 godson.

Pass by a tavern-door, my son ;
This facied truth write on thy heart ;
'Tis easier company to shun,
Than at a pint it is to part.

For one pint draws another in,
And that pint lights a pipe ;
And thus in the morn they tap the day,
And drink it out ere night ;

*Not dreaming of a sudden bounce,
 From vinous sulphurs stor'd within;
 Which blows the drunkard up at once,
 When the fire takes life's magazine,*

*An apoplexy kills as sure
 As cannon-ball, and oft as soon;
 And will no more yield to a cure,
 Than murd'ring chain-shot from a gun.*

*Why should men dread a cannon-bore,
 Yet boldly 'proach a pottle-pot?
 That may fall short, shoot wide, or o'er;
 But drinking is the surer shot.*

*How many fools about this town
 Do quaff and laugh away their time,
 And nightly knock each other down,
 With claret-clubs of no-grape wine;*

*Until a dart from Bacchus' quiver,
 As Solomon describeth right,
 Does shoot his tarter thro' the liver?
 Then (bonos noctios s o t) good night.*

*Good wine will kill as well as bad,
 When drank beyond (our nature's) bounds.
 Then wine gives life a mortal stab,
 And leaves her welt'ring in her wounds:*

*Wounds ! that no physic art can heal,
And very rarely that they feel
The stroke, the moment it does kill.*

}

Many a *soul* with great difficulty lugs on a weak and worn out *carcass* to its daily rendezvous, who perhaps for many years has been nothing else but the vintner's conveyancer, to carry his *liquors* between the *hog-shead* and the *piss-pot*.

*But when, alas ! men come to die,
Of dropsy, jaundice, stone, and gout ;
When the black reckoning draws nigh,
And life (before the bottle)'s out ;*

*When (low drawn) time's upon the tilt,
Few sands and minutes left to run,
And all our (past gone) years are split,
And the great work is left undone ;*

*When restless Conscience knocks within,
And in despair begins to bawl,
Death, like a drawer, then steps in,
And asketh, Gentlemen ! d'ye call ?*

*I wish that men would timely think
On this great truth in their full bowls,
Both I and Will of Ludgate-hill,
And all our friends round Paul's.*

When a man's distempers stare him in the face, and he is summoned to lay down his dust; he, alas! then sees the folly of his ways, and what a miserable purchase he has made with his mispent time, health, and money; and, like a malefactor at the gallows, makes some short speech of warning to his companions; who give him the hearing, and perhaps are drunk with his own claret at his funeral.

But, alas! the destruction of himself is the least part of the tragedy. The mischief is struck deeper, and entails hereditary diseases on his innocent posterity, to the eternal infamy of his name and family; when the poor offsprings of his wretched carcass inherits nothing but the schedule of his distempers, and dwindles away a miserable life, in pills, plasters, and potions. I wish that men may think of this, and prize and preserve a good constitution and stock of health before it be too late.

I cannot better close this epistle, than as the

the same author observes the old *Romans* to have
 his done to their friends.

*Cura ut valeas: for health once gone,
 All comforts perish with it, and are none:
 Riches and honour, music, wine, and wit,
 Wax flat and tasteless with the loss of it.
 Could youth but see with gouty old mens eyes,
 One stretch upon their back would make 'em wise,
 And drunkenness (the damn'd first cause) despise.
 But such is giddy youth's unhappy fate,
 When crippled and nail'd down, are wise too late.*

}

*Unhappy man! that drinks his own undoing,
 As tho' his business were, to pledge his ruin.
 And that brave texture his sound parents knit,
 With pipe and pot he does unravel it;
 As if the gods in anger gave him wealth,
 To sacrifice to Bacchus youth and health.
 Health of all earthly blessings is the best,
 Which most is valu'd when 'tis least possess'd.*

done to their friends.

AN
ESSAY
TO
A RULE OF HEALTH.

The DEFINITION.

HEALTH is a free, easy, and perfect enjoyment of all the faculties of *mind* and *body* to the due performance of the *animal functions*, without any impediment, pain, or molestation.

Which is thus to be attained.

IF twice man's age you would fulfil,
Let *Reason* guide you, not your *Will*;
Let all the passions of the *soul*
Be subject unto her controul.
She checks all rashness, and gives time
To think, and re-think each design.

Those that do thus before they act,
'Tis rarely seen, repent the fact.
This makes an easy, quiet *mind*,
(The greatest blessing of mankind);
And he that in his bliss does share,
Enjoys a ray of *heaven* here.

Fly all excess, and first take care
Of *wine* and *women* to beware.
Sport, dally, tattle with 'em rarely,
And marry not a *wife* too early.
Stay till you're grown, and joints are knit,
And you have *money* got and *wit*.
For he that *weds* before he's wife,
Is shackled by a fool's advice.
Alas! then he may see his fate,
And feel it too, when 'tis too late.

In single life, live pure and chaste,
Left from your face your NOSE you cast.

And is it not a great disgrace,

To lose the *boltsprit* of your face?

Tho' tears and pray'rs may atone for th' sin,

Yet howlings bring no NOSE again.

So never touch forbidden fruit,

But think on NOSE when tempted to't.

Till *hunger* pinches, never eat;

And then on plain, not spiced meat.

Desist before you eat your fill,

Drink to dilute, but not to swill;

So no ruftations you will feel.

Let *supper* little be, and light;

But none makes always the best night:

It gives sweet sleep without a dream; [clean.
Leaves morning's mouth sweet, moist, and

A little *breakfast* you may eat,
But not so as to satiate.
But *dinner* then you must postpone
Till farther in the afternoon:
For never load fresh food upon
Your stomach, till the former's gone;
For whatsoe'er is swallow'd thus,
Turns *putrid* and *cadaverous*;
And taking more than *Nature* needs,
Of most distempers are the seeds.

Accustom early in your youth
To lay embargo on your *mouth*;
And let no rarities invite,
To pall and glut your appetite;

But check it always, and give o'er

With a desire of eating more.

For where one dies by *inanition*,

A thousand perish by *repletion*.

To miss a *meal*, sometimes, is good;

It ventilates and cools the blood;

Gives *Nature* time to clean her streets

From filth and crudities of meats:

For too much meat the bowels fur,

And fasting's *Nature's* scavenger.

When as your stomach nauseates,

And kecks at smell or sight of meats,

By vomit fetch away the load

Of phlegm and undigested food;

And do it soon, before it dwells

So as to tinge its tunicles,

And bread four ferment, which begets
Unsavory belches, and sick fits,
And steams which taint the mouth and gums,
With foetid smells, like ulcer'd lungs.
And, after *vomits*, always use
Emollients soft, to cool and smooth;
For retching makes the stomach sore,
Which lenitives will best restore.

Bleed only when you find the *blood*
Abound, or stagnate; then 'tis good:
Which you may very eas'ly guess,
By heavy stiff unwieldiness,
Short *breath*, high *pulse*, & *cetera*;
Then quickly take some blood away:
But more especially in stitches,
Pleuretic pains, and pungent twitches;

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Then out of hand, without delay,

Take a good quantity away.

For *purging* I shall give no rule,

But after glutt'ny and cramming full,

'Tis good to empty and to cool;

Tho' forc'd *evacuations* are,

Such as we ought to use with care,

Since 'tis not known what we can spare:

† For *physic* drives off with the blood

Some parts of the substantial good;

And, if you'd keep the *balance* ev'n,

Dame *Nature* must be led, not driv'n.

By methods mild, and by degrees,

We should relieve her grievances;

† Neque impune posse administrari, cum omnia praeter naturam sint, ob idque naturales facultates infestent; nec possint adeo morbosas causas rescindere, quin una illis, aliquid etiam benignae substantiae rapiant. Galen lib. de febris, prope finem.

As fasting, exercise and time,

And *water* heals the wounds of *wine*;

But where the *fever's* peracute,

It won't admit of long dispute.

When *Life's* chief *fortress* is attack'd,

Quickly consult, and quickly act;

For many a *life* hath slip't away,

By careless trifling, and delay.

So when the case is very urging,

Spare neither vomiting nor purging,

Provided that your judgment's right,

And take the indication right;

Ev'n then be not the only agent,

Lest a dead corpse should prove your patient;

But call in *Doctors* of more skill,

Who may you cure, or help you kill:

Then let it happen as it will,

You can't be found *felo de se*,
If slain in learned company.

When you are faint, your spirits low,

When struck in years, strong *drink* forbear;
Especially of *wine* beware.

Old men of moisture want supplies,

And wine of all sorts heats and dries,

Twitches and cramps their *tartars* give,

Hence men *step short*, and *straddle stiff*;

For vinous spirits prey upon

Nutricious juice, and vital *baln*

This makes them tabid, lean, and thin,

With loose, and flabby, wrinkled skin.

Water and *whew*, of drinks are first,

They cool, dilute, and quench the thirst; A

And next to those is good small *beer*,

Not four, but smart, and brisk, and clear.

No cordial like a glass of water.

Not that in general I condemn
 A glass of gen'rous now and then;
 When you are faint, your spirits low,
 Your string relax'd, 'twill bend your bow,
 Brace your drum-head, and make you tight,
 Wind up your watch, and set you right.
 But then again the too much use
 Of all strong liquors, is th' abuse.
 'Tis *liquids* makes the *solids* loose,
 The *texture* and whole *frame* destroys;
 But health lies in the *equipaise*.

The greatest part o' th' world's content
 With *Adam's* ale, pure element.
 And who so strong, and does more work,
 Than doth the *water-drinking Turk*?
 And when the stomach's out of order,
 No cordial like a glass of *water*.

This, this has baffled all the *slops*
Of Ladies closets, and the shops.

As *water's* best, so 'twas the first
Of *liquors*, made to quench the *thirst*
Of men, of beasts, of plants, and trees;
From whence they all have their increase.

Its uses are too manifold,
And marv'lous great, e'er to be told.

Its particles constituent
Are too minute an element.

Its make and texture, crasis, grain,
Are too stupendiously fine

For virtuoso's to descry,
Tho' glasses come t'assist their eye.

Cease, then, vain search! let that alone,
Hid, with all essences unknown.

But be content that the *Creator*
Has bless'd the world with so much *water*.
It works itself (as being thin)
Int' all the pores and parts within;
Helps all *secretions* in their uses,
And sweetens sharp and sour juices;
Tempers hot *bile*, thins viscid phlegm,
And moderates in each extreme;
Damps the fierce *astus* of the blood,
Abates the fever's boiling flood;
Dilutes the *salts*, melts off their points,
And acrid particles disjoins;
And is the only *liquor* that
Never grows eager, sharp, or flat.
Give it but motion, room, and air,
Its purity will ne'er impair.
Experience daily shews it true,
That *water* only this can do.

All other *liquors* made by *art*,
Grow rancid, vapid, sour, and tart.

Chuse *water* that is cool, and thin,
Such as feels smooth, and soft to th' *skin*,
Looks clear, and bright, and crystalline. }

The lightest *water* is the best,
That is without or *smell* or *taste*;
Which, standing long, yields few contents

Of *scum*, or *clouds*, or *sediments*;

Such as will lather cold with soap,

Tho' ne'er was fainted by the *Pope*,
(As *Bridget*, *Anne*, and *Winifred*);

For 'tis the *water* does the feat,

The faint's the varnish, and the cheat;

And he that has a *spring* like this,

Has, with good *air*, a double *bliss*.

Never give way to sloth and ease,
For laz'ness is a great disease;
And when it has possession got,
It makes the man a stupid sot.
When sleep does first desert you, rise;
Next, wash the gum from off your eyes:
Cold *water* pure will clear the sight,
Comfort the eyes, and keep them bright.
Indulge not drowsiness, unless
It does proceed from weariness.
'Thout some fatigue there's no sound sleep
'Tis eating without appetite:
For those that start in *sleep*, or shake,
Find small refreshment when they wake.
And when you *rise*, approach not near
A *fire*, except the cold's severe;
And then, at distance, take the heat,
Because it does *debilitate*,

And sloth and sluggishness induce,
And spoil your natural rest by use.
This custom students must avoid;
For memory is by heat annoy'd,
And by hard drinking, quite destroy'd. }
For reminiscence is strongest where
The *head's* serene, and cool and clear.
This truth is seen in regions cold;
There what they *read* they always hold.
But 'tis the nature of a *wit*,
ep Soon to invent, soon to forget;
For from the *brain* that's hot and dry,
The slight impressions quickly fly:
Whereas in *moist* and phlegmy brains,
The stamp's struck *deep*, and long remains.
Tho', 'tis allow'd, there are some few
That have good wits, and mem'ry too.

Rise early with the summer's *sun*,
Especially when you are young:
For he that early walks the fields,
Takes all the sweets that *Flora* yields,
Just as the *sun* unlocks the blooms
Of all their fragrant, rich perfumes.
Besides, with morning *air* he's treated,
Not by the sun-beams overheated;
Which cools the *lungs*, and fans the blood;
And makes the spirits brisk and good;
After a bad good-fellow-hood
Had left their springy parts uncurl'd,
Like a loose *sail* that is unfurl'd;
Those air and action buckle up,
When ruffled by a midnight's cup.
After an idle drunken bout,
Walk, and take air; ne'er sleep it out;

By which you will avoid the harms
Of *head-ach*, and sick-stomach *qualms*.
For sleeping with a load of *wine*,
Does all its fumes within confine;
Which are of dang'rous consequence;
For *apoplexies* spring from hence,
† *Palsies*, and *tremors*, and the rest,
Which mostly drunkards do infest,
From *ferments* in the body pent,
Which early rousing may prevent.
For *gouts*, and *stone*, and such diseases,
Dwell most where luxury and ease is.
Such a tormentor never rages
Mong *whay*-drinkers in poor cottages,
Who live in health till mighty ages,
And to the *grave*, at a hundred years,
Carry their mem'ry, eyes, and ears.

† Dr. Lower *de motu cordis*,

Who then in *ale*, or worse brew'd *wine*,
Wou'd drown his health, and so much time?
For whilst men tipple, prate, and lie,
Life on smooth skates slides swiftly by.

In walking let your *cloaths* be thin,
But not too tight or strait to th' skin,
That cool fresh *air* may close the pores.
This oftentimes that health restores,
Which too much warmth turn'd out of doors :
For loss of strength declares what hurt
They get that wear a *flannel* shirt;
For thro' a constant dilatation,
The spirits spend by perspiration.

In bed lie *warm*, but not too hot,
Nor yet too *soft*, for that's a fault.

Soft feathers have attraction such,
As draws the natural *heat* too much,
The flesh makes flabby, loose, and weak,
The count'nance dead, and pale, and bleak.

Of *heats* and *colds* take special care:
Windows and doors, that let in *air*;
A crack, or crevice, in the wall,
Hurts more than doth an open hall:
And safer 'tis to stand i' th' street,
Than where two doors or entries meet.

Walk to be warm, but not to sweat;
Or by degrees take down your heat.
Drink not until you're very *cool*;
And gently move to get a stool.
Yet sometimes let your feet be *wet*;
But in your wet *shoes* never sit;

For while you're running in the dirt,
The action keeps you from the hurt.
And often wash your *skin* all o'er;
It gives a spring to every pore,
Returns the *heat* upon the blood,
Which makes all bad digestions good.

Lodge not fine *youth* with aged bones,
Nor much converse with pains and groans.
For bodies that are old, and dry'd,
From juicy youth will be supply'd.
These suck their *spirits*, make 'em *pale*;
So *vital* vigour needs must fail:
For th' aged, thro' the young one's pores,
His own decrepit *limbs* restores;
For what by contact, what by sweats,
What the *youth* loses, t'other gets.

This makes them pallid, thin, and weak,
As if hag-ridden in their sleep.

And, on the other hand, 'tis naught
To lie with one that's over *fat*.

Such sweat and overheat the child,
By which a good cool habit's spoil'd;

For in a mod'rate temperature

The welfare of the child's secure.

In short, observe, the tender young

Shou'd be well *nurs'd*, but laid alone.

But, above all, take special care

How *children* you affright and scare,

In telling stories of things seen,

Sprite, demon, and hobgoblin.

Hence they'll contract such *cowardice*,

As ne'er will leave them all their lives:

And then th' *ideas* of their fears
Continued unto riper years,
Can by no reason be suppress'd;
But of it they'll be so possess'd,
They'll sweat, and quake, and start, and stare,
And meet the devil ev'ry where.
Terrors have changed some men grey,
Took limbs, and speech, and sense away;
Have topsy-turvy'd brains in skulls,
Turn'd some men mad, and some men fools;
Have made a soul skip like a sprite,
And leave the body bolt upright,
Stark staring, ghastly, dead, and stiff,
Like *Lot's* sad monumental wife.

Anger avoid, and also *grief*;
They both are enemies to *life*,

And fatal often in extremes,

To which side e'er the *passion* leans.

In both let *Reason* mitigate;

She will the fury soon abate,

If she's consulted not too late.

For I have seen fierce *anger* check'd,

By seeming deafness, and neglect.

Take off the *fuel*, th' fire will die;

Silence alone will put it by,

If not blown up by a *reply*.

Let it blow o'er, if you can bear,

In at one, out at t'other *ear*;

Storms hurt not in a thoroughfare.

Late *watching* does much injury

To *Nature's* whole œconomy;

Impedes, or wholly doth defeat

The making of her work compleat;

For all *secretions* are made best

I' th' quiet state of sleep and *rest*.

When all the faculties of th' *mind*

Are to their (oporal) *cells* confin'd,

Then all the vital functions are

('Cause not disturb'd by mental care)

Each to his office to repair,

And mend the *breaches*, and *decays*,

Mad by disorder many ways

In life's vast *labyrinth* and *maze*,

Which thro' unknown *meanders* run,

Winding return where they begun,

And restless in their course, keep on.

For th' *heart* clacks on, and is a mill

That's independent of the will;

And, like an *engine*, squirts the blood,

Forcing up hill the purple flood;

A constant *fountain* that displays
Its *rivulets* ten thousand ways;
Mov'd by a secret *power* unknown,
And yet that *power* is not its own;
Restless from the first *stroke* it gives,
To the last *moment* that it lives.
Its office is to *mesh* and *beat*,
And make the *chyle* assimilate
With balmy blood and nitrous *air*,
(All have i' th' work a proper share),
Which inspiration does prepare.
That *air* again the *lungs* explode,
Disburden'd of its *nitrous* load.
This grinds life's *grist*; yet takes small toll
For carrying of it thro' the whole,
And lodging at each *office* door,
Sufficient for their daily store.

And here I'd ask, what human tongue
Can praise enough that wond'rous one,
That made this great *automaton*?

Here let the *prostrate* world adore
His infinite *goodness, wisdom, power.*

Of exercises, *swimming's* best,
Strengthens the muscles of the chest,
And all their fleshy parts confirms;
Extends and stretches *legs* and *arms*,
And, with a nimble retro-spring,
Contracts, and brings them back again.
As 'tis the best, so 'tis the sum
Of *exercises* all in one;
And of all motions most compleat,
Because 'tis vi'lent without *heat.*

And next to *swimming*, *riding*'s good;
Its shakes the *bowels*, stirs the blood,
And gives a motion to a stool;
But bad to *ride* with *belly* full;
For shaking does precipitate,
E'er you've digested half your *meat*.
Besides, your guts, if fat, it squelches,
And causes fumes, and sour belches.
'Tis also in hard livers naught;
Or when oppress'd with wind and thought,
It stirs up *flatus hypochon*:
If so, desist from *riding* on;
For't makes it fly into the *head*,
Where dizziness and *fumes* are bred.
Then life's in danger if you totter,
Be your *horse* pacer, or a trotter.

So let the *rider* take a care,
Lest from a stumbling *horse* or *mare*,
He don't take *earth* in taking *air*.
But the true benefit in *riding*,
Is much and long i' th' *air* abiding;
Fasting, and always jogging on,
And drinking nothing that is strong;
But guzzling on a journey's wrong:
And then, perhaps, you'll gain your point,
If your *horse* keeps your *neck* in joint.

In dry consumptive *coughs* beware;
They always grow much worse in *air*;
For places *high*, and *air serene*,
Are for *thin bodies* found too keen.
For all the *air*, on heights, and hills,
'Cause robb'd of watry particles,

Holds nitre *naked*, and not sheath'd,
And so are naught, for all short-breath'd;
As well as *airs* too thick with smoaks.
One pricks and tickles, t'other chokes.
But where 'tis clear, and not too high,
With mixture due of *moist* and dry,
'Tis there the lungs have liberty
To play their fan most pleasantly.
The *air* is best on rising hills,
Also near grav'ly running rills,
For where the *soil* is hard and dry,
The *air* is good, whether low or high.
The watry *steams* will take off heats,
And much abate nocturnal *sweats*.
In *Holland*, where 'tis all low ground,
Habitual *coughs* are rarely found.
But when *catarrhs* and *rheums* infest,
Warm and deep *airs* are surely best.

* For if *consumptions* cur'd can be,
 (Which is a mighty rarity),
 Three things in chief you need prepare,
Milk, traumatics, and the change of *air*.
 And if with these, cold *baths* you get,
 To temper down the hectic heat,
 He may go bare-foot as a *goose*,
 Who lives in hope of dead *mens* shoes.

Tho' *riding* is extremely good,
 Yet *health* lies more in choice of *food*.

* Ulterius phthisis perfecta rarissime potest curari: vita interim diutissime potest conservari, per haec tria:

1. Per legitimum usum lactis.
2. Per usum vulnerariorum, &c.
3. Per mutationem aeris.

Denique quoad legitimum usum lactis:

In omni atrophiam, tabe, & phthisi, commodissime observatur quod lactis usus, seu legitimus potus, in quibusdam casibus multum possit: sed parum proderit, quoties atrophiam est a colluvie cujusdam visceris, aut ubi atrophiam est ex vitio stomachi, nisi hic prius sit correctus. *Mich Etmullerus de nutritione partium lesa, pag. 282.*

A gen'ral rule we may go by,
 In eating such things 'specially,
 As are least apt to putrefy.

New *milk* and *rice*, *bread*, *corn*, and *roots*,
 Fresh *sallets*, and fresh gather'd *fruits*,
 Sweet *butter*, *oil*, and well-made *cheese*;
 For those who mostly feed on these,
 Live long, and gently wear away,
 Perceiving not their own decay,
 To th' utmost point o' th' fatal day;
 Then without *pain*, like lamps, expire,
 With the last *spark* of vital *fire*.

For *life's* a *lamp*, its oil well spent,
 Leaves when't goes out a fragrant *scent*.
 Thrice happy *he*, whose virtuous *name*
 Is *incense*, and perfumed *flame*,
 On th' altar of immortal fame.

So, *reader*, if thou art so *wise*,
To put in practice this *advice*,
The world shall wonder to behold
Thou look'st so young, and art so old.

The

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell :
"The reason why I cannot tell,
"But this one thing I know full well,
"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell."
The formula has become immortal.

The DOCTOR's *Decade*;
Or the ten utensils of his trade.

*For in ten words the whole art is compris'd;
For some of the ten are always advis'd,*

V I Z.

*Piss, Spue, and Spit,
Perspiration and Sweat,
Purge, Bleed, and Blister,
Issues and Clyster.*

THESE few evacuations
Cure all the Doctor's *patients*,
If rightly apply'd
By a wise physick guide.
For an error in these,
Is worse than disease;
So can't be too wary,
Where cases do vary;

For a dose of't too much,
Turns *PUG* o'er the perch.
What more they advance,
Is all done by chance.
Ev'n *steel* and the *bark*
Do tilt in the dark.
Tho' *opium*, alas!
May put by a pass,
And lull a *disease*
By a seeming false peace;
Yet these physic *allies*
Use such fallacies,
And fail us so common,
We can't depend on 'em;
So as to a cure,
There's none can be sure.
Most other *specifics*
Have no visible effects,

But the getting of *fees*,
For a promise of ease,
(Much like the South *f—*);

Tho' our *glasses* of late
Have furnish'd the *pate*
With *philosophical* prate,

As to read learned lectures,
On a t— and its textures,
And can see in the sp—m
Generations to come,

Like tad-poles a swimming
To the land of the living.

Yet all for all this *fine* show,
No more do we know,
Than did old *Quid pro quo*,
That famous compounder,
And first *physic* founder.

For then all their blunders
Were esteem'd as *wonders*,
And admired as much
As some do *H—b C—b*,
For physic then took
Much more by the look
Than by the success,
Which is the best *test*.
To look *big*, *grave*, and *dull*,
And talk half like a *fool*,
Denotes a wise scull. }
To be *deaf*, and half *blind*,
Were perfections of mind;
For all such defects
Were to *Folly* as checks:
For few were thought wise,
That saw with both *eyes*.

Yet none of these *blinkers*
Were accounted *free-thinkers*;
As is seen by the *treacle*,
Where *health* lay in pickle;
That ancient *farrago*,
Exploded long ago.
Yet 'tis such a med'cine,
Once had the *Pope's* blessing,
And so is *catholic*,
Tho' not *apostolic*;
For't has not a mission
From *Luke* the *physician*.
But why do we them blame,
When we play the same *game*;
And make up strange mixtures
Of different *textures*,
Which fret and ferment
Till their *fury* is spent,

And in our *guts* jar,
And there raise a war?
From a *heterogen* med'cine,
The strife is intestine:
But where the ingredients
Are mix'd from experience
Of their *homogeneity*,
They'll never disquiet ye.
For ill compounds are owing
To our *simples* not knowing:
For their virtues, unless
The plants will confess,
We must all acquiesce,
And practise by guess,
Till the college reveals
What their prudence conceals.
For the *arcanas* of art,
To none they'll impart:

Those sacred *archives*,
Which inrol all our lives,
Are lodg'd on high *shelves*,
Out o' th' reach of themselves.
For when they fall *sick*,
What they gave upon tick,
The *Doctors* ne'er take,
For fear of mistake:
But always mistrust
What they believed at first;
Whilst the practising *youth*
Swallows all for a truth.
For whatever they read,
They believe as their *creed*;
But will find, when they *try*,
That *authors* will lie;
For in *physic* there's *legend*,
As well as *religion*.

Thus the *older* they grow
 The less they will know;
 For in being oft out,
 It creates in 'em *doubt*,
 So themselves they'll ne'er kill,
 By *potion* or *pill*,
 No *powders* nor *bolus*,
 Nor *issues* o' th' *shoulders*,
 Nor enscar'd in *blisters*,
 Those shrouds of the * *sisters*,
 By the *devil* contriv'd
 To slay men alive;
 As if the sick didn't feel
 When skinn'd like an *eel*;
 Then a *plaster's* apply'd
 To th' remains of the hide;

The three Ladies of Destiny, *Clotho*, *Lachesis*, and *Atro-*
pos.

Which tears off the rest,
Next time it is drest
By some little *hell-cub*,
Or spawn of old *Belz'bub*,
Or *Mellilot* his master,
With a whole sheet of *plaister*,
To shrowd him compleat,
From the *head* to the *feet*,
Sent by his *physician*
To manage th' inquisition;
For one half that dies
Are spur-gall'd by his flies,
And flay'd out of their lives.
But the *devil* a *Doctor*
Will flay his own back fore.
What his patients endure
He'll avoid to be sure:

Their groans and their aking,
 Do fright him from taking,
 Nor shall any *slops*,
 But *wine*, wet his chops.
 He all *med'cines* defies,
 As he does *Spanish flies*,
 From experienc'd opinion,
 There's little help in 'em,
 But as *death* does draw near,
 Their art is their fear;
 Trusting more to *small beer*,
 A *horse* and *fresh air*,
 Than to *physic* and *prayer*.
 From whence I suggest,
 They're too *wise* for the *rest*.

T H E E N D.

